MAKING NEWSPAPERS.

WALTER WELLMAN ENTERTAINGLY TELLS HOW THE WORK IS DONE.

It Is a Wonderfully Complicated Task, and Requires the Brains and Bodies of an Enormous Number of People—Some of the Details Explained.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—The more one studies the methods by which a great newspaper is made the greater are his astonishment and admiration. A stupendous fact is the large number of men who assist each day in the getting up of a big morning paper like The Chicago Tribune, Times, Inter Ocean or Herald. Add to the twelve hundred local correspondants hired by a paper like The Tribune in all the cities and towns of the west and northwest, to its Washington and New York staffs sending news over special wires, to the many thousand correspondents of cooperating papers in large cities, who contribute their mite to the Chicago paper whenever occasion requires—add to all these the almost innumerable correspondents of the Associated Press in this country and its sister news collecting agencies in Europe and throughout the world, and you begin to get an adequate idea of the vastness of the machinery employed.

Now let us take a look at the office into which all these men pour their contributions, the central point around which everything revolves and to which all roads lead. It is a building which contains, say five stories and a basement. On the ground floor is the counting room, where all the business of the paper is transacted. Here thirty men are employed in one capacity or another. Underneath is the press room, at which we shall again have occasion to take a look. Riding up in the elevator we reach the editorial floor. It is noon. All over the world men are at work gathering news for this paper, but not much is doing yet in the office itself. The managing editor's assistant has just finished reading all the morning papers, and is now looking over the morning's mail, an enormous batch. There are communications and inquiries about almost everything under the sun; many, many manuscripts, complaints, communications from correspondents, offers of special work, suggestions to the editor, poetry, stories, etc. Many of these he saves for the eye of his superior, but the majority are assigned to various assistants for attention. And in the number of these assistants and their special fitness for the work which they have in charge we get a very good idea of the resources of a great newspaper.

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In the managing editor's desk are a number of pigeon holes, marked "city," "counting room," "music," "art," "commercial," etc. Into the city box go communications about local matters, and in a few minutes the city editor is looking them over. Theatrical communications go to the dramatic editor, musical matters to the musical critic, art contributions to the art writer. If there are any communications concerning commercial matters they go to the editor of the commercial page. The literary editor gets the new books, magazines and kindred matter, and even the real estate editor comes in for his share. There are many communications on sporting subjects, and these go to the sporting room. There are matters which must go down to the counting room, such as bills to pay and checks to be sent to out of town correspondents or special writers. Some of the more important manuscripts are read and passed upon by the managing editor himself or his immediate assistants. There are many questions not connected in any way with the business of the paper to be answered, for every newspaper has its quota of readers who want information about all sorts of queer things. These are turned over to various men, with regard to their ability or conveniences for answering them. If people who send odd queries to newspaper offices knew the trouble they were making some poor man I think they would be less free with their questions, often questions in which no one in the wide world is interested but themselves. It is a sort of rule in all newspaper offices that these queries are to be answered, and a newspaper does not like to own up that there is anything that anybody wants to know which it cannot find out. I have known a reporter to spend a day or two looking about town for an answer to one little question; often a man goes to the city library and spends half a day looking up some disputed point for a couple of readers who have made a wager, and I have seen the managing editor send out two or three telegrams, at his own expense, in order to get, and get promptly, an answer to some question which could be answered only by a man familiar with the history or politics of another city or state.

You have no idea of the quantity of manuscript—newspaper men usually call it "stuff," though meaning no disrespect—which comes into a big newspaper office. There are stories and poems and essays, and all sorts of things which somebody must read, special articles written for pay if they prove acceptable, innumerable letters of travel and almost numberless letters from seaside and other summer resorts. So many people imagine that as soon as they get across the ocean or at some far away place in this country the editor of their home paper is exceedingly anxious to hear from them, to know how they took a trip on such and such a lake or river, how they danced at the casino or caught fish in the pool, and all they have seen and thought on their travels, to the extent of a column or more. Usually they are very much disappointed when they discover that their contributions have been thrown into the waste basket, but why they should be is one of the mysteries of human nature. A great many people will save themselves annoyance and loss of time if they will try to understand that newspapers—like all other things which are the product of brains and skill and experience—must largely be the work of men who know what to write and how to write it, and that the chances are at least ten to one the amateur cannot write anything which an editor would care to print. The fact that you are in Europe or the wilds of Arizona does not make an impression on the editor's mind, for he is in daily, almost hourly, communication by telegraph with all parts of the world, and the fact that you are in Asia or Kamschatka does not make you or your opinions any more interesting to him or his readers than if you were at home in the Ninth ward. On the contrary, you are a good deal more important when in the Ninth ward, and a communication from you about some evil or outrage in that bailiwick would catch the editor's eye much quicker than a letter of travel from Africa. All successful editors have learned that their journal must be made, so to speak—must attain and retain popularity and success within ten miles of the office of publication. It is local or home news that makes a great newspaper. It is a newspaper axiom of universal holding that news suffers loss of interest and value in exactly the ratio of the distance of its scene from the city in which it is proposed to publish it. To that brilliant paper, The Chicago Herald, a $50,000 fire in Chicago is worth more space than a million dollar fire in New York. The Chicago Times, which is now fast regaining its former greatness, will give two columns to an accident on the cable railroad in this city, by which one life was lost, and a quarter of a column to a railway accident in France by which forty lives are sacrificed. The stanch Republican Inter Ocean will use a column in telling why a Chicago Democrat has concluded to vote the Republican ticket, or in explaining why a Republican has gone over to the enemy, but it has little space to spare for an account of the latest revolution in Hayti. A cyclone in China in which two thousand people perish is not worth as much to The Chicago Tribune as a runaway accident on State street in which a little girl is rescued from death by a brave policeman.

You cannot understand why this should be so? Think a moment. Suppose you are walking down street in your town or city. A crowd gathers. What's up? A man has fallen from a building and is badly hurt. Nobody knows how badly. You get a glimpse of his bruised body as they carry him away to hospital. You ask several questions, but nobody seems to know anything about it. Next morning you pick up your paper. What is the first thing you look for? The report of that accident, and if it is not reported fully, you say the paper is no good. The man was only a laborer, and was not badly hurt after all, but your curiosity has been roused by contact, and you eagerly devour all the details. In the next column is printed a short account of the foundering of a Dutch merchant vessel off the coast of Africa. A hundred lives and a million of treasure have been lost. Concerning this you read only the headlines and are satisfied. If it had been a sailboat with four or five people in it, and the craft had foundered in Lake Michigan before your very door, the paper would have given it two or three columns, and you would have been mad if it hadn't. The best journalism is that which gives the best daily or weekly (it does not matter) picture of what is going on in the neighborhood where it is printed and where the vast majority of its readers live, and following this rule some of the best journalists in the United States live and work in the small cities and towns. There they can and must chronicle less important events than their brethren in the large cities, but the principle is the same. If I wanted to I could name newspapers printed in cities of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants which are greater newspapers, because better covering the field which they occupy, than nine-tenths of the metropolitan papers.

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But I had started out to tell something about the staff of a big city paper like The Chicago Tribune. At noon we find few people at work. The city editor, who has charge of all the local news, and who is about the most important officer of the ship, is locked up in his room preparing plans for the day's action. We shall have to leave him to another letter. The real estate man, whose descriptions of the transfers, deals, new buildings, and of all that pertains to the real estate field are generally printed on Sunday, is on his rounds among the agents. The theatrical man may be out interviewing an actress or manager or getting ready to go to a matinee. The commercial men—for there are three of them—are hard at work on the board of trade or among the banks or commission houses, gathering the news and quotations and preparing to write a commercial and financial and also a speculative review of the day. The railroad editor is on his rounds from office to office, boldly walking in on big presidents and general managers, with all of whom he is well acquainted, preparing to print on the following morning the railway news of the greatest railway center in the world.

These men are experts in their lines. They know everybody of importance in their fields of work, are men of character and education, and must be absolutely reliable and incorruptible. They are men of the widest influence, too, as their writings have an important bearing upon the markets and business of the country.

The sporting editor and his assistants are beginning their day's work. There are three of them, and from May to October they are very busy. If the Chicago ball club is away the baseball man is with them, traveling from city to city and telegraphing his reports of games every night. All the Chicago papers send special men with the ball team whenever it goes away from home. Even the afternoon papers engage in similar enterprises, expensive though they are, for in the season sporting news is about the best news a journal can print. An old fogy editor once tried to print a morning newspaper without any sports in it, and his circulation fell away so rapidly that it made his head swim. The evening papers get out "extras" at about 6 o'clock in the evening, containing the results of the day's baseball games and horse races all over the country. Within one minute after the last man is "out" in a ball game these extras appear on the streets. Colored boys sit on horses in the alleys near the newspaper offices, and in another minute they are galloping for the ball grounds with bundles of extras hanging to their saddles. As the crowds emerge from the grounds they find newsboys at the gates selling newspapers containing full reports of the games. It is one of the sights of the town to see these mounted couriers racing two miles and a half to the grounds. In order to avoid arrest for fast riding they had to get a special permit from the chief of police. One of these riders once ran over a man and killed him, but the couriers continue to race just the same. The people like sports and will have the sporting news.

While I have been gossiping 1 o'clock in the afternoon has arrived and the reporters are coming in, and the printers, and the telegrams, and the business of making a great newspaper has begun in earnest. Twelve hours later they will "put the paper to press," and of that I shall write in my next letter.

WALTER WELLMAN.

Coming Down the Ladder.

Farmer (to man walking on the ties)—Ain't you an actor?

Man—Aye, aye.

"Comedy?"

"I was when I left Pittsburg—genteel comedy. At Altoona I became melodramatic in my views; at Harrisburg I was for old men's parts; now I'm all for tragedy—dark, dark, bleeding tragedy, but (bitterly) by the time I reach New York I s'pose I'll only be fit for the apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet.'"—Texas Siftings.

A GREAT STOCK FARM.

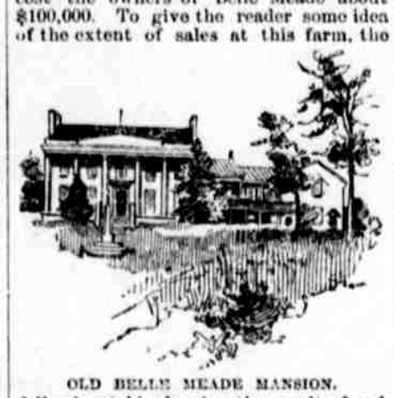
THE NOTED "BELLE MEADE," NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.

George H. Yenowine Has Been There, and the Story He Tells for the Benefit of Our Readers Is an Interesting One—Many Wonderful Horses.

[Special Correspondence.]

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 4.—The "Belle Meade" stock farm, near Nashville, is probably the most famous horse nursery in America if not in the world. It is an estate of 6,000 acres, under the highest state of cultivation and, is jointly owned by Gen. W. H. Jackson, a dashing ex-Confederate, and Howell E. Jackson, United States district judge for several southern and western states. They are brothers and married sisters, daughters of Gen. W. H. Harding, a lover of thoroughbred horseflesh who founded the farm almost one hundred years ago. Gen. Harding was a celebrated man in his day. He was a friend and contemporary of rugged old Andrew Jackson, and his devotion to the propagation of race horses made him fame and fortune long before the present generation of horse raisers was born. Gen. Harding imported horses from the finest stables of the old world—animals whose pedigrees were recorded for upwards of 200 years.

Belle Meade, the "beautiful meadow," is almost a baronial estate. About one half of the farm is heavily timbered and the other half under cultivation. The timber lands are cleared of all undergrowth and sowed in blue grass. The soil is the richest in Tennessee and the farm is watered by a stream of crystal spring water. The annual sales attract horsemen from all over the country and are events in turf history. There are at present about 350 throughbreds in the farm and among them some of the most noted racing stallions in the world. In the stables I saw Iroquois, the winner of the great English Derby, Enquirer, Luke Blackburn, Great Tom and other turf celebrities, the four horses named having cost the owners of Belle Meade about $100,000. To give the reader some idea of the extent of sales at this farm, the



OLD BELLE MEADE MANSION.

following table showing the result of each year since 1874 is appended:

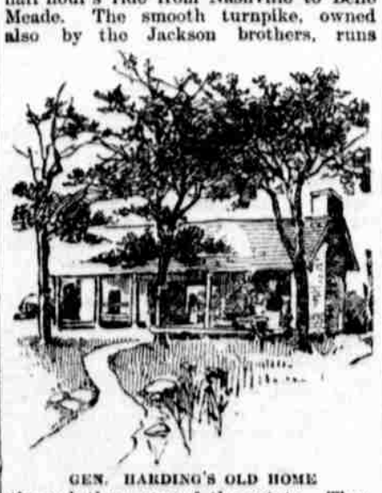
Year.	No. Sold.	Price.
1875	18	$7,630
1876	17	6,580
1877	22	11,755
1878	25	6,400
1879	23	13,695
1880	24	9,205
1881	34	38,580
1882	37	23,255
1883	42	27,440
1884	48	23,585
1885	40	22,335
1886	30	20,000
1887	24	23,000
1888	26	28,000
Total	419	$263,440

Horsemen everywhere will be interested in the following exhibit of the amount of money won on the turf in stakes by the get of the six stallions which stood at Belle Meade between the years 1870 and 1885:

Year.	Vandal.		Jack Malone.		Bonnie Scotland.	
	Races.	Winnings.	Races.	Winnings.	Races.	Winnings.
1870	13	$4,180	1	$150	18	$6,160
1871	10	5,400	16	8,735	28	10,475
1872	15	6,615	20	8,195	34	15,350
1873	16	11,280	15	4,625	30	8,600
1874	22	30,902	14	6,775	12	4,000
1875	26	15,800	9	5,690	10	3,900
1876	32	7,610	9	5,160	20	11,303
1877	11	2,930	..	1,905	31	15,140
1878	11	1,490	9	915	84	49,552
1879	9	2,035	8	975	79	47,875
1880	7	2,625	5	745	137	125,700
1881	..	.....	2	205	116	66,580
1882	..	.....	..	.....	161	100,988
1883	..	.....	..	.....	104	67,506
1884	..	.....	..	.....	58	36,127
1885	..	.....	..	.....	58	18,885
Total	188	$80,637	108	$43,965	980	$617,969

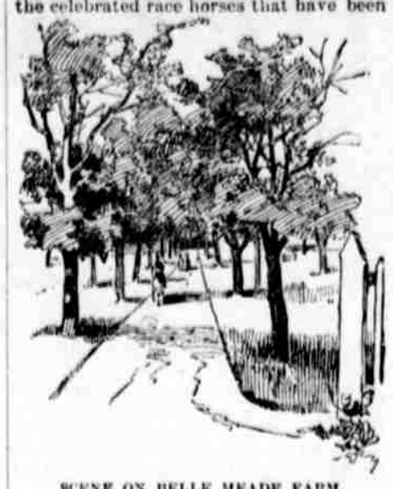
Year.	Enquirer.		Great Tom.		John Morgan.	
	Races.	Winnings.	Races.	Winnings.	Races.	Winnings.
1870	..	.....	..	.....	13	9,145
1871	..	.....	..	.....	8	700
1872	..	.....	..	.....	7	4,348
1873	..	.....	..	.....	3	4,350
1874	2	1,310	..	.....	..	.....
1875	14	4,525	..	.....	..	.....
1876	12	6,200	..	.....	..	.....
1877	21	10,130	..	.....	..	425
1878	15	10,710	..	.....	8	5,045
1879	51	43,065	..	.....	11	8,895
1880	25	8,780	..	.....	23	11,305
1881	19	10,099	..	.....	23	9,424
1882	48	18,393	14	5,403	21	7,988
1883	49	21,602	25	32,125	50	17,045
1884	34	27,061	40	27,065	24	9,715
1885	65	44,684	56	45,650	11	4,510
Total	352	$206,639	145	$111,173	205	$92,465

In brief, the above tables show that these horses won 1,984 races and $1,163,869. Just think of it! It is a delightful half hour's ride from Nashville to Belle Meade. The smooth turnpike, owned also by the Jackson brothers, runs



GEN. HARDING'S OLD HOME

through the center of the estate. Thousands of visitors go to Belle Meade every year. Every stranger who goes to Nashville visits the farm. Many of the most distinguished people of this country, as well as no end of notable foreigners, have been entertained at Belle Meade. During last summer's "swing around the circle" President Cleveland and party rested over Sunday at Belle Meade and were delightfully entertained by the owners. Gen. Jackson lives in the old homestead, a delightful big, rambling, roomy house, with great columns and verandas in front and wings and additions to one side and in the rear. The great hall in this old mansion is filled with oil paintings by celebrated artists of the celebrated race horses that have been



SCENE ON BELLE MEADE FARM.

produced on the farm. This residence is shown in the first illustration. The second illustration shows the original log house erected in the last century and used for many years by Gen. Harding. It is now the home of several of the colored families who live on the place. Judge Jackson, who until his appointment to a seat on the bench was a United States senator, lives elsewhere on the estate in a new house—one of the handsomest modern houses in Tennessee.

The most celebrated character in the place is "Old Uncle Bob," a portly, pleasant faced old darky, who for a period of sixty years has had entire charge of all the fine stock on the place. He is known to all of the leading stockmen in the country. A man without education, a slave of the former owner, he is celebrated as one of the best posted horsemen in the country. He can tell you offhanded the full pedigree of every race horse that has been before the public during the past fifty years. Kindly, gentle, honest and trustworthy, he is known and respected by everybody for miles around. When given his freedom he refused to leave his home, and has remained in his old position ever since. His scorn for unthrifty members of his own race is only equaled by his contempt for any kind of horseflesh not full blooded.

The stables and outbuildings on the farm are models in every way. A large part of the farm is enclosed with stone fences, there being about twenty-four miles altogether of this everlasting fencing on the place. Visitors are shown the graves of famous horses of the long ago. Here rest the bones of Gamma, the gray mare of forty years ago; the mighty Priam, the English Derby winner; Eagle and Bluster, Vandal, Jack Malone, Sir Richard, Highlander, Childe Harold, Bonnie Scotland and John Morgan, and the bones of other kings and queens of the turf rest under the shade trees of Belle Meade.

In a park of 400 acres 300 deer can be seen cavorting around over the greensward. The deer park was started by Gen. Harding many years ago. Deer hunting is a rare sport on the farm at certain seasons of the year. On other parts of the farm can be seen droves of Shetland ponies, Angora goats and Jersey cows. The great estate and its improvements must be worth at least a million dollars.

G. H. YENOWINE.

SONS OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

A Monument to Be Erected to the Founder of the Organization.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1.—The late Gen. A. M. Winn, who first conceived the idea of uniting young Californians for mutual aid and benefit, forming the organization now known as Native Sons of the Golden West, is to have a handsome monument erected to his memory by the members of the society. The monument is to be located in the City cemetery at Sacramento, where the body of the general lies buried. The shaft and main body of the monument will be of specially selected California granite, the sculptured work being of bronze. It will be 27 feet in height and 6 feet 6 inches at each base. At the front base of the column the emblematic bear keeps watchful guard in front of the bronze medallion of the setting sun. On the right part of the shaft a bronze medallion with the distinctive badge—the clasped hands—of the order is represented, and a corresponding medallion on the left side shows the mining tools, early symbols of California's prosperity. One other medallion represents the grand seal of California, and on the front of the shaft a bust of Gen. Winn looks down over the "grizzly," which in the early days the Native Sons of the Golden West adopted as their chosen emblem. The likeness has been pronounced by those who were acquainted with Gen. Winn to be an excellent one.

MONUMENT TO GEN. WINN.

By Californians Gen. Winn will always be remembered as the friend and founder of the Native Sons of the Golden West, but to the nation at large he is known for many other reasons. His history is merged in that of the country. He was president of the first Odd Fellows' association at Sacramento, president of the first state land commissioners, general of brigade for seven years, president of the Mechanics' State council for eight years and in addition held numerous other positions of responsibility and honor.

Not Worthy of Attention.

Minister (dining with the family)—How did you like the sermon this morning, Bobby?

Bobby—I didn't pay much attention to it, sir.

Minister (much amused)—Why not, Bobby?

Bobby—I heard ma whisper to pa, "Same thing over and over again," so I didn't think it was worth while.—Texas Siftings.